The moment I chanced to open my eyes, I seemed to find myself encompassed without fail by this omnipresent sentience. My readers will please to note here that this is not a mere platitude or a flight of poetic imagination; though I am afraid I am not very likely to be fully understood by such of my readers as have had no similar experiences. This external sentience was practically nothing other than my own echo, a sort of deification of my own intelligence, reflected in external nature as in a mirror. Whenever any particular thought or idea occurred to me, I seemed to find a corresponding response, re-echoed and reverberated in external nature, from amongst whatever my eyes chanced to look upon; from the birds, the beasts, the trees and all, in legible, illegible, audible, inaudible, even in clear human tongue at times, quite to my astonishment and surprise what could be the meaning of all that. 1 am rather of opinion that the word **echo", which I have here made use of, does not carry the exact sense, that I intend to impress

upon my
readers. In our physical
world, the word
"echo" signifies simply a rebound or
return of
a sound just as it is produced without
effecting